Couſin, on wedneſday next our counſell we will hold
At windſor, ſo informe the Lords:
But come your ſelfe with ſpeede to vs againe,
For more is to be ſaid and to be done,
Then out of anger can be vttered.

Weſt. I will my Liege *Exeunt.*

Enter Prince of wales and Sir Iohn Falſtalffe.

Falſ. Now *Hal*, what time of day is it lad?

Prince. Thou art ſo fat witted with drinking of old ſacke, and vnbuttoning thee after ſupper, & ſleeping vpon benches after noone; that thou haſt forgotten to demaund that truely which thou wouldeſt truely know. What a deuill haſt thou to doe with the time of the day? vnleſſe houres were cups of ſack, and minutes capones, and clockes the tongues of bawdes, and Dialles the ſignes of leaping houſes, and the bleſſed ſunn himſelfe a faire hot wench in flame-coulered taffata; I ſee no reaſon why thou ſhouldeſt be ſuperfluous to demaunde the time of the day.

Falſ. Indeede you come neere mee now *Hal*, for we that take purſes, go by the moone & the ſeuen ſtars, and not by *Phoebus*, he, that wandring knight ſo faire: & I prethee ſweet wag, when thou art King, as God ſaue thy grace: maieſty I ſhould ſay, for grace thou wilt haue none.

Prince. What none?

Falſ. No by my troth, not ſo much as will ſerue to bee prologue to an egge and butter.

Prince. Well, how then? come roundly, roundly.

Falſ. Mary then, ſweet wag, when thou art King, let not vs that are Squires of the nightes body, bee called theeues of the dayes beuty: let vs be *Dianaes* forreſters, Gentlemen of the ſhade, minions of the Moone, and let men ſay, wee bee men of good gouernment, being gouerned as the ſea is, by our noble and chaſte miſtris the moone, vnder whoſe countenance wee ſteale.

Prince. Thou ſayeſt wel, and it holdes wel too, for the fortune of vs that are the moones men, doth ebbe and flow like the ſea, being gouerned as the ſea is by the moone, as for proofe. Now a purſe

a purſe of golde moſt reſolutely ſnacht on Munday night, and moſt diſſolutely ſpent on Tueſday morning, got with ſwearing lay by, & ſpent with crying, bring in: now in as low an ebbe as the foote of the ladder, & by & by in as high a flow as the ridg of the gallowes.

Falſ. By the Lord thou ſaieſt true lad, and is not my hoſteſſe of the tauerne a moſt ſweet wench?

Prin. As the hony of *Hibla*, my old lad of the caſtle, & is not a buffe ierkin a moſt ſweet robe of durance?

Falſ. How now, how now mad wagge, what, in thy quipes and thy quiddities? what a plague haue I to do with a buffe ierkin?

Prince. Why what a poxe haue I to do with my hoſteſſe of the tauerne?

Falſ. Well, thou haſt cald her to a reckoning many a time and oft.

Prince. Did I euer call for thee to pay thy part?

Falſ. No, Ile giue thee thy due, thou haſt paid al there.

Prin. Yea and elſe where, ſo far as my coine would ſtretch, and where it would not, I haue vſed my credit.

Falſ. Yea, and ſo vſde it, that were it not here apparant that thou art heire apparant. But I prethee ſweet wag, ſhall there be gallowes ſtanding in England when thou art King? and reſolution thus fubbed as it is with the ruſty curb of old father antick the law: do not thou when thou art a King hang a theefe.

Prin. No, thou ſhalt.

Falſ. Shall I? O rare! by the Lord Ile be a braue iudge.

Prin. Thou iudgeſt falſe already. I meane thou ſhalt haue the hanging of the theeues, and ſo become a rare hangman.

Falſ. Well *Hal*, well, and in ſome ſort it iumpes with my humor, as well as waiting in the Court I can tel you.

Prince. For obtaining of ſutes?

Falſ. Yea, for obtaining of ſutes, whereof the hangman hath no leane wardrop. Zblood I am as melancholy as a gyb Cat, or a lugd Beare.

Prince Or an old Lion, or a Louers lute.

Falſ. Yea or the drone of a Linconſhirs bagpipe.

Prince What ſaieſt thou to a Hare, or the melancholy of Mooreditch?